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NOTES 239
Homer’s Iliad, composed in the mid-700s BCE, shows one of the most intense and loving relationships between two men in world literature. Though it is never made clear in the epic that this relationship is sexual, many later Greek authors read it this way. These passages from the Iliad show the most passionate moments between the pair: first Patroclus admonishes Achilles for his uncaring attitude toward the Greeks and his insatiable anger against Agamemnon, leader of the Greek army, who had taken the enslaved girl, Briseis, from Achilles after a quarrel. Patroclus begs for Achilles’ armor, so that he can go into battle and help the Greeks, but Achilles longs to triumph in war with Patroclus alone. Nonetheless, he allows Patroclus to wear his armor into battle, only to have him die at Hector’s hands. The final sections focus on Achilles’ inconsolable grief after Patroclus’s death.
Ὣς οἳ μὲν περὶ νηὸς ἐўσσέλμοι μάχοντο·
Πάτροκλος δ’ Ἀχιλῆι παρίστατο ποιμένι λαῶν
dάκρυνα θερμά χέων ὡς τε κρήνη μελάνυδρος,
ἡ τε κατ’ αἰγίλιπος πέτρης δνοφερὸν χέει ύδωρ.
tὸν δὲ ἰδὼν φάκτα αὐθαίρης διὸς Ἀχιλλεύς,
καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
tίπτε δεδάκρυσαι Πατρόκλεες, ἠὕτε κούρῃ
νηπίη, ἠθ’ ἀμα μητρὶ θέουσ’ ἀνελέσθαι ἀνώγει
eιανοῦ ἀπτομένη, καὶ τ’ ἔσσωμένην κατερύκει,
δακρυόεσσα δὲ μιν ποτιδέρκεται, ὁφρ’ ἀνέληται·
tῆ ἱκελοῦ Πάτροκλε τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυον εἴβεις.
ἥ τι Μυρμιδόνεσσι πιφαύσκεαι, ἤ ἔμοι αὐτῷ,
ἥ τιν’ ἀγγελὴν Φθίης ἐξέκλυες οἶος;
ζώειν μὰν φασὶ Μενοῖτιον Ἀκτόρος νιόν,
ζώει δ’ Αἰακίδης Πηλεὺς μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσσι;
τῶν κε μάλ’ ἀμφοτέρων ἀκαχοίμεθα τεθνηώτων.
ἤε σύ γ’ Ἀργείων ὀλοφύρεαι, ὡς ὀλέκονται
νησίν ἐπὶ γλαφυρὴν ὑπερβασίας ἔνεκα σφῆς;
Homer, *Iliad*

And so they were fighting around the well-benched ships.
But Patroclus approached Achilles, shepherd of men, weeping hot tears, like a spring of black depths that pours dark water down from the sheer rocks.
Swift-footed, godlike Achilles looked at him and felt pity, and speaking said these winged words, “Why do you cry, Patroclus, like some silly girl who runs to her mother and begs to be picked up, grasping at her robe, getting in her way, and looking up at her with tears in her eyes until she is picked up?
Just like this girl, Patroclus, you shed tender tears.
Do you have something to tell the Myrmidons? Or just me?
Or have you alone heard some message from Phthia?
Do they not say that your father Menoetius, Actor’s son, still lives, and that Peleus, son of Aeacus, my father, is alive among the Myrmidons?
We would indeed be very distressed by the death of either of them.
Or do you weep for the Argives, that they are being destroyed by the hollow ships on account of their own transgressions?
ἐξαύδα, μή κεῦθε νώ, ἵνα εἴδομεν ἄμφω.
Τὸν δὲ βαρὺ στενάχων προσέφης Πατρόκλεες ἱππεῦ·
ὦ Ἀχιλεῦ Πηλῆος ὑπεράνως·
τὸν δὲ στενάξασθαι παρά ἄχος βεβήκεν Ἀχαιοῖς.
οἵ μὲν γὰρ δὴ πάντες, ὅσοι πάρος ἦσαν ἄριστοι,
ἐν νησίν κέαται βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοι τε.
βέβληται μὲν ὁ Τυδεΐδης κρατερὸς Διομήδης,
οὔτασται δὲ ὁ Ὀδυσσεὺς δουρικλυτός ἢ δ' Ἀγαμέμνων,
βέβληται δὲ καὶ Εὐρύπυλος κατὰ μηρὸν οἴστῳ.
τοὺς μὲν τ' ἤτρωι πολυφάρμακοι ἀμφιπένονται
ἵλκε
μὴ ἔμε γ' οὖν οὕτως γε λάβοι χόλος, ὃν σὺ φυλάσσεις
Αἰναρέτη·
τί σευ ἄλλος ὀνήσεται ὀψίγονός περ
αἷ Κε μὴ Ἀργείοισιν ἀεικέα λοιγὸν ἀμύνῃς;
νηλεές, οὐκ ἄρα σοὶ γε πατήρ ἦν ἱππότα Πηλεὺς,
οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ· γλαυκή δὲ σέ τίκτε θάλασσα
πέτραι τ' ἡλίβατοι, ὃτι τοι νός ἐστὶν ἀπηνής.
Speak and do not keep it back in your mind, so that we both may know.”

With a deep sigh, horseman Patroclus, you answered him,
“O Achilles, son of Peleus, greatest of the Achaeans, do not be angry. For such great hardship presses upon the Achaeans. Indeed all of them, as many who were the best before, now lie in the ships, battered and wounded.

Strong Diomedes, son of Tydeus, has been hit, and Odysseus, glorious with the spear, has been wounded and Agamemnon too, and even Eurypylus has been struck by an arrow in his thigh.

The doctors, who know of medicine, are tending to their wounds to heal them. But you are implacable, Achilles. May such anger as this never take hold of me, which you so cherish, you paragon of grim virtue. What will any of our descendants ever gain from you, if you do not defend the Argives from shameful ruin? Cruel man, I do not think that the horseman Peleus was your father, nor was Thetis your mother. No, the gleaming sea bore you and the sheer rocks, so hard is your heart.
εἰ δὲ τινὰ φρεσὶ σῇσι θεοπροπίην ἄλεείνεις καὶ τινὰ τοι πάρ Ζηνὸς ἐπέφραδε πόντια μήτηρ, ἀλλ’ ἐμὲ περ πρόες ὅχ’, ἄμα δ’ ἄλλον λαὸν ὀπασσον Μυρμιδόων, ἤν ποῦ τι φῶς Δαναώι γένωμαι. δὸς δὲ μοι ὅμων τὰ σὰ τεῦχεα θωρηχθήναι, αἰ’ κ’ ἐμὲ σοι ἱσκοντες ἀπόσχωνται πολέμοιο Τρῶες, ἀναπνεύσωσι δ’ Ἀρήνιοι νίες Ἀχαίων τειρόμενοι· ὅλη γέ δὲ τ’ ἀνάπνευσις πολέμοιο. ῥεῖα δὲ κ’ ἀκμήτες κεκμηότας ἄνδρας ἀὑτῇ ὡσαιμεν προτὶ ἄστυ νεῶν ἀπο καὶ κλισιάων.

’Ὡς φάτο λισσόμενος μέγα νήπιος· ἤ γὰρ ἐμελλὲν οἱ αὐτῷ θάνατον τε κακὸν καὶ κῆρα λιτέσθαι. τὸν δὲ μέγ’ ὄχθης τοὺς προσέψει πόδας ὥκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς· ὥ μοι διογενές Πατρόκλεες ὦν ἔειπε· οὔτε ἑκοῦσις ἑμπάξομαι ἢν τινὰ οἴδα, οὔτε τί μοι πάρ Ζηνὸς ἐπέφραδε πόντια μήτηρ·
But if in your mind there is some prophecy you are avoiding discussing, or something from Zeus that your mother has revealed to you, then at least send me forth swiftly, and supply me with the rest of the army of the Myrmidons, in case I can be some small light to the Danaans. And give me your armor to strap onto my shoulders, in the hopes that the Trojans might, thinking I’m you, back off from the fighting, and the warlike sons of the Achaeans might catch their breath, for they are worn out. There’s so little breathing space in war. Easily we who are not tired out can push back men wearied from the war-cry to their city, away from our ships and tents.”

So he spoke, beseeching him vehemently, fool that he was. For it was fated that it was his own evil death and fate for which he begged. Swift-footed Achilles, deeply upset, replied, “O Zeus-born Patroclus, what a thing you have said! I am not heeding any prophecy that I know of, nor has my mother reported anything at all to me from Zeus.
ἀλλὰ τὸδ’ αἰνὸν ἄχος κραδίην καί θυμὸν ἴκανει,
οππότε δὴ τὸν ὦμοιὸν ἀνὴρ ἐθέλησιν ἀμέρσαι
καὶ γέρας ἄψ ἀφελέσθαι, ὃ τε κράτεὶ προβεβήκῃ·
αἰνὸν ἄχος τὸ μοὶ ἐστὶν, ἐπεὶ πάθον ἄλγεα θυμῷ.
κούρην ἦν ἄρα μοί γέρας ἐξελον ύπεὶς Ἀχαιῶν,
δουρὶ δ’ ἐμῷ κτεάτισσα πόλιν εὐτείχεα πέρσας,
τὴν ἄψ ἐκ χειρῶν ἔλετο κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
Ἀτρείδης ώς εἰ τιν’ ἀτίμητον μετανάστην.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτετύχθαι ἐάσομεν· οὐδ’ ἄρα πως ἦν
ἀσπερχὲς κεχολῶσθαι ἐνὶ φρεσίν· ἦτοι ἐφην γε
οὐ πρὶν μηνιθμὸν καταπαυσέμεν, ἀλλ’ ὁπότ’ ἂν δὴ
νῆας ἔμας ἀφίκηται αὐτή τε πτόλεμός τε.
τύνη δ’ ὦμοιον μὲν ἐμὰ κλυτὰ τεύχεα δύθι,
ἄρχε δὲ Μυρμιδόνεσσι φιλοπολέμοισι μάχεσθαι,
eἰ δὴ κυάνεον Τρώων νέφος ἀμφιβέβηκε
νησίου ἐπικρατέως, οἱ δὲ ρηγμῖνι θαλάσσης
κεκλίαται, χώρης ὀλίγην ἔτι μοῖραν ἔχοντες
Ἀργεῖοι, Τρῶων δὲ πόλις ἐπὶ πάσα βέβηκε
θάρσυνος· οὐ γὰρ ἐμὴς κόρυθος λεύσουσι μέτωπον
ἐγγύθι λαμπομένης· τάχα κεν φεύγοντες ἐναύλους
πλήσειαν νεκύων, εἰ μοὶ κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων

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But this terrible pain comes to my heart and soul, since that man was willing to deprive an equal and take back my prize, for he overstepped in his power. A terrible pain this is for me, and I have suffered in my soul. That girl whom the sons of the Achaeans picked out for me as prize, when by my spear I took and sacked that well-walled city, it was she that lord Agamemnon, son of Atreus, took from my hands, as if I were some lowly vagrant. But we will let these things be in the past. For not at all did I mean to rage unceasingly in my heart. But I did say that I would not pause from my wrath at any point before the war-cry and the war itself reached my ships. So then, put my famous armor on your shoulders, and be a leader for the war-loving Myrmidons as they fight, if indeed the dark cloud of Trojans thickly surrounds our ships, and the Argives are pushed back against the surf of the sea, with just a small portion of land left, and the whole city of the Trojans presses on boldly. For they do not see the top of my helmet flashing nearby. Soon they would be fleeing and filling their waterways with corpses, if lord Agamemnon...
ἠπια εἰδείη: νῦν δὲ στρατὸν ἀμφιμάχονται. οὐ γὰρ Τυδεΐδεω Διομήδεος ἐν παλάμῃσι μαίνεται ἐγχείη Δαναῶν ἀπὸ λοιγὸν ἀμύναι: οὔδὲ πω Ἀτρεΐδεω ὑπὸς ἔκλυον αὐδήσαντος ἐχθρῆς ἐκ κεφαλῆς: ἀλλ’ Ἐκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο Τρωσὶ κελεύοντος περιάγνυται, οἱ δ’ ἀλαλητῷ πᾶν πεδίον κατέχουσι μάχῃ νικώντες Ἀχαιοὺς. ἀλλὰ καὶ ὡς Πάτροκλε νεῶν ἀπὸ λοιγὸν ἀμύνων ἐμπεσ’ ἐπικρατέως, μὴ δὴ πυρὸς αἰθομένων νήσας ἐνιπρῆσωσι, φίλον δ’ ἀπὸ νόστον ἐλωνταί. πείθεο δ’ ὡς τοι ἐγὼ μύθου τέλος ἐν φρεσὶ θείῳ, ὡς ἂν μοι τιμὴν μεγάλην καὶ κύδος ἄρηῃ πρὸς πάντων Δαναῶν, ἀτὰρ οἱ περικαλλέα κούρην ἑψ ἀπονάσσωσιν, ποτὶ δ’ ἀγλαὰ δῶρα πόρωσιν. ἐκ νηῶν ἐλάσας ἰέναι πάλιν: εἰ δὲ κεν αὐ τοι ἰδὼ κύδος ἀρέσθαι ἐρίγδουπος πόσις Ἡρης, μὴ σὺ γ’ ἄνευθεν ἐμεῖο λιλαίεσθαι πολεμίζειν Τρῳς φιλοπτολέμοισιν: ἀτιμότερον δὲ με θήσεις: μὴ δ’ ἐπαγαλλόμενος πολέμῳ καὶ δηϊότητι Τρῳς ἐναιρόμενος προτὶ Ἡλιον ἠγεμονεύειν,
had known gentle ways. But now they battle around the camp.
For not in the hands of Diomedes, son of Tydeus, does the spear rage to save the Danaans from ruin, nor yet have I ever heard the son of Atreus’s voice shouting from his hateful head. But the shout of man-slaying Hector urging on the Trojans breaks all around me, and with their war-cry they hold all the plain as they conquer the Achaeans in battle.
And so, Patroclus, enter the fray fiercely to save the ships from destruction, lest they burn them with blazing fire and take away our beloved return to home. But listen to me so that I can place the purpose of my plan in your mind, that you may win great honor and glory for me on behalf of the Danaans, and then they will send back again that stunning girl and also offer many glorious gifts. But when you have driven them from the ships, come back again.
If the husband of Hera should grant it that you win glory, do not strive to win the war with the war-loving Trojans without me. You would make me dishonored. And do not, glorying in war and the battle-cry, slaying the Trojans, take the lead against Ilium,
μή τις ἀπ’ Οὐλύμπιοι θεῶν αἰειγενετάων ἐμβήη; μάλα τούς γε φιλεῖ ἐκάεργος Ἀبولλων; ἀλλά πάλιν τρωπᾶσθαι, ἐπὴν φάος ἐν νήσσι θήης, τούς δ’ ἔτ’ ἔαν πεδίον κάτα δηριάασθαι. αἰ γἀρ Ζεὺ τε πάτερ καὶ Ἀθηναιὴ καὶ ᾿Αبولλον μήτε τὶς οὖν Τρώων θάνατον φύγοι ὅσσοι ἔασι, μήτε τὶς Ἀργείων, νοῖν δ’ ἐκδύμεν ὀλεθρον, ὀφρ’ οἴοι Ὀρείς ἱερὰ κρήδεμνα λύωμεν.

18.78–116

Τὴν δὲ βαρὺ στενάχων προσέφη πόδας ωκὺς ᾿Αχιλλεὺς· μήτερ ἐμή, τὰ μὲν ἄρ μοι Ὄλυμπιος ἐξετέλεσσεν· ἀλλὰ τί μοι τῶν ἡδος ἐπεὶ φίλος ὅλεθ’ ἐταῖρος Πάτροκλος, τὸν ἐγὼ περὶ πάντων τῶν ἐταῖρων ἐσον ἐμὴ κεφαλῆ; τὸν ἀπόλεσα, τεῦχεα δ’ ᾿Εκτωρ δηώσας ἀπέδυσε πελώρια θαῦμα ἱδέσθαι καλά· τὰ μὲν Πηλῆι θεοὶ δόσαν ἀγλαὰ δῶρα ἐκματι ὄτε σὲ βροτοῦ ἀνέρος ἐμβαλον εὐνή; αἰθ’ ὀφελες σὺ μὲν αὖθι μετ’ ἀθανάτης ἀλῆη ναίειν, Πηλεὺς δὲ θνητὴν ἀγαγέσθαι ἀκοιτ. νῦν δ’ ἵνα καὶ σοι πένθος ἐνὶ φρεσὶ μυρίον εἴη.
lest one of the everlasting gods from Olympus steps in. For far-shooting Apollo, at least, loves them well.

But turn back whenever you have given light to the ships, and let them still battle on the plain.

O father Zeus and Athena and Apollo, if only it might be that not one of the Trojans escape death, and not one of the Argives, but that you and I might avoid destruction so that we alone would dissolve the holy battlements of Troy!”

Groaning heavily, swift-footed Achilles answered her, “Mother, the Olympian one fulfilled my prayers. But what pleasure is left to me when he is dead, my beloved companion Patroclus, whom I valued above all other companions, equally to myself? I have lost him. Hector has slain him and stripped him of my mighty armor, a wonder to behold, the gleaming gifts that the gods gave to Peleus on that day when they placed you in the bed of a mortal man. If only you had stayed with the gods of the sea, and Peleus had taken a mortal wife, then you wouldn’t now have ceaseless pain in your breast
παιδὸς ἀποφθιμένοιο, τὸν οὐχ ὑποδέξει αὕτης οὐκαδε νοστήσαντ’, ἐπεὶ οὐθ’ ἐμὲ θυμὸς ἄνωγε ξώειν οὐθ’ ἀνδρασὶ μετέμμεναι, αὕτης ἐκς ἐμῆς ἑιρετὶς ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεὶς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὁλέσσῃ, Πατρόκλοιο δ’ ἐλώρα Μενοιτιάδεω ἀποτίσῃ.
Τὸν δ’ αὕτη προσέειπε Θέτις κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα· ὧκυμορος δὴ μοι τέκος ἔσσεαι, οἰ’ ἀγορεύεις· αὕτης γὰρ τὸι ἐπειτὰ μεθ’ Ἑκτορα πότμος ἐτοίμος.
Τὴν δὲ μέγ’ ὑχθήσας προσέφη πόδας ὡκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς· αὐτής τεθναίην, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρ’ ἐμελλὼν ἐταίρῳ κτεινομένῳ ἐπαμύναι· δ’ ὡς μέλα τηλόθι πάτρης ἐφθιν’. ἐμεῖο δ’ ἐπεὶ ἐκπυρός ἐπειτὰτ ἂρης ἀλκτήρα γενέσθαι.
νῦν δ’ ἐπεὶ οὐ νέομαί γε φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν, οὐδὲ τι Πατρόκλῳ γενόμην φάος οὐθ’ ἐτάρους τοῖς ἀλλοις, οἰ δὴ πολέες δάμεν Ἑκτορὶ δίῳ, ἀλλ’ ἤμαι παρὰ νησίν ἐτώσιον ἀχθος ἀροῦρῃς, τοῖς ἐῶν οἶος οὐ τις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων ἐν πολέμῳ· ἀγορῇ δὲ τ’ ἀμείνονες εἰσὶ καὶ ἄλλοι. ὡς ἔρις ἐκ τε θεῶν ἐκ τ’ ἀνθρώπων ἀπόλοιτο

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for the loss of your child, whom you will never again receive
returning home, since my heart no longer bids me to live and remain among men, unless Hector first, beaten by my spear, loses his life, and pays the price for the death of Patroclus, son of Menoetius.”

And Thetis replied to him, pouring out tears, “You will indeed die soon, my child, since you have declared this. For immediately after Hector, your death will hang over you.”

Swift-footed Achilles, much distressed, answered her, “Then immediately may I die, since I was not there to protect my companion from being killed. Far away indeed from his fatherland did he perish, for he needed me to be his protector from ruin. So now I will not go back to my beloved fatherland, and I was not at all a light for Patroclus nor for my other friends, many of whom have been vanquished by brilliant Hector, but instead I sat by the ships, a useless burden on the earth, I who am such as no other of the bronze-clad Achaeans in war, though there are others who excel in the assembly. Thus may strife among gods and men be gone,
καὶ χόλος, ὃς τ’ ἐφέηκε πολύφρονα περ χαλεπῆναι,
ὅς τε πολὺ γλυκίων μέλιτος καταλειβομένοιο
ἀνδρῶν ἐν στήθεσσιν ἀέξεται ἧτε καπνός·
ὡς ἐμὲ νῦν ἔχολωσεν ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προτετύχθαι εάσομεν ἄχνυμενοὶ περ,
θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι φίλον δαμάσαντες ἀνάγκη·
νῦν δ’ εἶμ’ ὁφρα φίλης κεφαλῆς ὀλετῆρα κιχείω
"Εκτόρα· κῆρα δ’ ἐγὼ τότε δέξομαι ὅπποτε κεν δὴ
Ζεὺς ἐθέλη τελέσαι ᾗδ’ ἀθάνατοι θεοὶ ἄλλοι.

19.303–27

αὐτὸν δ’ ἀμφὶ γέροντες Ἀχαιῶν ἠγερέθοντο
λισσόμενοι δειπνῆσαι: ὁ δ’ ἡρνεῖτο στεναχίζων·
λίσσομαι, εἲ τις ἐμοὶγε φίλων ἐπιπείθεθ’ ἐταίρων,
μή με πρὸν σῖτοι κελεύετε μηδὲ ποτήτος
ἀσασθαι φίλον ἦτορ, ἐπεὶ μ’ ἄχος αἰνὸν ἱκάνει·
δύνατα δ’ ἐς ἱέλιον μενέω καὶ τλήσομαι ἔμπης.

ὡς εἰπὼν ἄλλους μὲν ἀπεσκέδασεν βασιλῆας,
δοιὼ δ’ Ἀτρεΐδα μενετήν καὶ δῖος Ὀδυσσεὺς
Νέστωρ Ἰδομενεύς τε γέρων θ’ ἱππηλάτα Φοῖνιξ
tέρποντες πυκινῶς ἀκαχήμενον· οὐδὲ τι θυμῷ
tέρπετο, πρὶν πολέμου στόμα δύμεναι αἰματόεντος.

μνησάμενος δ’ ἀδινῶς ἀνενείκατο φώνησέν τε·
and fury too, which makes even a wise man aggrieved, and, much sweeter than honey dripping down in the chests of men, grows like smoke.

So even now did Agamemnon, lord of men, infuriate me. But, though it still pains me, I will let this be in the past, and tame the dear heart in my chest by necessity.

And now I go to meet the murderer of that beloved man, Hector. And I will accept the goddess of death whensoever Zeus and the other deathless gods may wish it so.”

Around Achilles the elders of the Achaeans gathered, begging him to eat. But he refused them, groaning, “I beg you, if any of my dear comrades might comply, do not bid me so soon to satiate my heart with food and drink, since terrible grief sits upon me. For I will wait till sunset and hold out even so.”

So he spoke and the others kings dispersed, but the two sons of Atreus and divine Odysseus remained, and Nestor and Idomeneus and the old man, Phoenix, horse-driver, trying to cheer him, so deeply pained. But there was nothing to cheer his heart until he might sink into the maw of bloody war.

And thinking back, he heaved a deep sigh and spoke,
ἣ γά νῦ μοὶ ποτε καὶ σὺ δυσάμμορε φίλταθ’ ἐταίρων αὐτὸς ἐνί κλισίῃ λαρὸν παρὰ δεῖπνον ἔθηκας αἶψα καὶ ὀτραλέως, ὁπότε σπερχοίατ’ Ἀχαιοὶ Τρωσίν ἐφ’ ἱπποδάμοις φέρειν πολύδακρυν Ἅρηα. νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν κεῖσαι δεδαίμενος, αὐτάρ ἐμὸν κήρ ἄκμηνον πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐνόντων σῇ ποθῆ· οὐ μὲν γάρ τι κακώτερον ἀλλο πάθοιμι, οὐδ’ εἰ κεν τοῦ πατρὸς ἀποφθιμένοιο πυθοίμην, ὅς ποι νῦν Φθίηρι τέρεν κατὰ δάκρυν εἴβει χήτεῖ τοιοῦδ’ νῖος· ὃ δ’ ἀλλοδαρῷ ἐνὶ δήμῳ εἶνεκα ῥιγεδανῆς Ἐλένης Τρωσίν πολεμίζω· ἥτι τὸν ὃς Σκύρῳ μοι ἐνὶ τρέφεται φίλος νῦός, εἴ που ἔτι ζώει γε Νεοπτόλεμος θεοειδῆς.

22.385–90
ἀλλὰ τί η ἢ μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός; κεῖτας πάρ νήσσι νέκυς ἀκλαύτως ἄθαπτος Πάτροκλος· τοῦ δ’ οὐκ ἐπιλήσομαι, ὅρη δ’ ἐν ἐγώ γε ξωσίσιν μετέω καί μοι φίλα γούνατ’ ὁράρη· εἰ δὲ θανόντων περ καταλήθουντ’ εἰν Αἰδαο αὐτάρ ἔγω καὶ κεῖθι φίλου μεμνήσομ’ ἐταίρου.
“Truly it used to be that you, ill-fated and most beloved of comrades,
you yourself would lay out a lovely dinner in this tent with speed and skill, whenever the Achaeans rushed to bring doleful Ares against the horse-taming Trojans. But now you lie torn up, and my heart abstains from drink and food, though they are nearby, because of my longing for you. For I could not suffer any worse, not even were I to learn that my father had wasted away, he who I suppose now sheds tender tears in Phthia, since he is missing such a son as me. For I am off in a foreign land, making war with the Trojans on account of ghastly Helen; or even if it were he who is raised in Scyros as my own son, if he is even still alive—godlike Neoptolemus.”

“But why does my own heart debate these things with me? For by the ships lies his corpse, unmourned, unburied—Patroclus. I will not forget him, so long as I remain among the living and my own knees can leap. And even if the dead forget the dead in Hades, yet even there I will remember my dear companion.”
Αὐτάρ τόν γε ἄνακτα ποδώκεα Πηλεΐώνα εἰς Ἀγαμέμνονα δίον ἄγον βασιλῆς Ἀχαιών σπουδὴ παρπεπιθόντες ἐταίρου χωόμενον κήρ.

ο’ δ’ ὡτε δὴ κλισίὴν Ἀγαμέμνονος ἰξον ἰόντες, αὐτίκα κηρύκεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισι κέλευσαν ἀμφὶ πυρὶ στήσας τρίποδα μέγαν, εἰ πεπίθοιεν Πηλεϊδὴν λουσασθαι ἀπὸ βρότον αἰματόεντα.

αὐτάρ ὦ γ’ ἠρνεῖτο στερεῶς, ἐπὶ δ’ ὀρκον ὕμοσσεν· οὐ μὰ Ζῆν’, ὃς τίς τε θεῶν ὕπατος καὶ ἄριστος, οὐ θέμις ἐστὶ λοετρὰ καρήατος ἰκέσθαι πρὸν γ’ ἐνὶ Πάτροκλον θέμεναι πυρὶ σῆμα τε χεῦαι κεῖρασθαι τε κόμην, ἐπεὶ οὐ μ’ ἔτι δεύτερον ὦδε ἴξετ’ ἄχος κραδίην ὀφρα ζωοὶσι μετείω.

ἀλλ’ ἦτοι ϊνον μὲν στυγερῇ πειθώμεθα δαιτί· ἥωθεν δ’ ὀτρυνον ἄναξ ἄνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον ἥλην τ’ ἀξέμεναι παρά τε σχεῖν ὁσ’ ἐπιεικὲς
Meanwhile, the kings of the Achaeans led the lord, the swift-footed son of Peleus, to brilliant Agamemnon, having worked hard to win over the heart in him that grieved for his companion. But when they came to the tent of Agamemnon, straightaway they ordered the clear-voiced heralds to set up a great tripod on the fire, in case they might persuade the son of Peleus to wash off the bloody gore of battle. But he staunchly refused, and swore an oath on it, “Not, by Zeus, who is the highest and best of the gods, shall it be lawful for cleansing water to come near my head before Patroclus has been placed on the fire and a tomb has been raised, and my hair has been cut off, since not again a second time will such grief sit in my heart, so long as I remain among the living. But now then let us be convinced to turn to our hateful meal. At dawn, Agamemnon, lord of men, send men to gather and bring back wood and whatever is fitting.
νεκρὸν ἔχοντα νέεσθαι ὑπὸ ζόφον ἠερόεντα,
ὅφρ’ ἦτοι τοῦτον μὲν ἐπιφλέγη ἀκάματον πῦρ
θάσσον ἀπ’ ὁφθαλμῶν, λαοὶ δ’ ἐπὶ ἔργα τράπωνται.

"Ως ἐφαθ’, οἶ δ’ ἀρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον Ἦδε πίθοντο.
ἐσσυμένως δ’ ἀρα δόρπον ἐφοπλίσσαντες ἐκαστοι
daίνυντ’, οὔδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἔςης.
aὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύς ἐξ ἔρον ἐντο,
οἶ μὲν κακκείοντες ἐβαν κλισίην δὲ ἐκαστος,
Πηλεϊδῆς δ’ ἐπὶ δινὶ πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης
κεῖτο βαρὺ στενάχων πολέσιν μετὰ Μυρμιδόνεσιν
ἐν καθαρῷ, ὅθι κύματ’ ἐπὶ ἠϊόνος κλύζεσκον·
εὖτε τὸν ὕπνος ἔμαρπτε λύων μελεδήματα θυμοῦ
νῆδυμος ἀμφιχυθείς· μάλα γὰρ κάμε φαίδιμα γυία
"Εκτός προτὶ Ἴλιον ἐνεμόεσσαν·
ἦλθε δ’ ἐπὶ ψυχή Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο
πάντ’ αὐτὼ μέγεθος τε καὶ ὀμματα κάλ’ ἐκποίη
καὶ φωνῆν, καὶ τοῖα περὶ χροὶ ἐимвα ἐντο·
eὔδεις, αὐτὰρ ἐμεῖο λελασμένος ἐπλευ Ἡχίλλει.
οὐ μὲν μεν ζώοντος ἀκηδείς, ἀλλὰ ἔκαστος·
TWO OF US

for a corpse to have when he passes into the gloomy darkness below, so that tireless fire may burn him up, quickly snatching him from our eyes, and then these men may turn back to their work.”

So he spoke, and the others heard and obeyed him. Quickly each man prepared and ate his dinner, and no soul lacked at all for his fair share of food. But when they had put away their desire for food and drink, then each man went to his tent to lie down, but the son of Peleus lay on the beach of the loud-roaring sea, groaning deeply among the many Myrmidons, in a clearing where the waves dashed against the shore. When sleep snatched him, freeing him from the cares of his heart, pleasantly engulfing him—for indeed in his mind he was still chasing Hector to windy Ilium with his gleaming limbs—then did the soul of wretched Patroclus come to him, in every way like to the man himself, in build and lovely eyes and in voice, and he wore still the very same clothes.

“You sleep, for indeed you have forgotten me, Achilles. When I was alive, you were not so uncaring, just now that I am dead.
θάπτε με ὅτι τάχιστα πύλας Ἀΐδαο περήσω.
τηλέ με εἰργουσι ψυχαὶ εἴδωλα καμόντων,
οὐδὲ μὲ πω μίσγεσθαι ύπὲρ ποταμοῖο ἐὼσιν,
ἀλλ’ αὐτως ἀλάλημαι ἀν’ εὑρυπυλὲς Ἀϊδος δῶ.
καὶ μοι δὸς τὴν χεῖρ’· ὀλοφύρομαι, οὐ γὰρ ἔτ’ αὐτις
νίσομαι ἐξ Ἀϊδαο, ἐπὴν με πυρὸς λελάχητε.
οὐ μὲν γὰρ ἄρ αὐτοῖς ἀπάνευθεν ἑταῖρων
βουλὰς ἐξομενοι βουλεύσομεν, ἀλλ’ ἔμε μὲν κήρ
ἀμφέχανε στυγερή, ἢ περ λάχε γιγνόμενόν περ·
καὶ δὲ σοι αὐτῷ μοῖρα, θεοὶς ἐπιείκελ’ Ἀχιλλεῦ,
τείχει ὑπὸ Ὀπόεντος ἑπείρων ἐνυφενέων ἀπολέσθαι.
ἀλλ’ ἔμε τοι ἐρέω καὶ ἐφήσομαι αἰ’ κε πίθηαι·
μὴ ἐμὰ σῶν ἀπάνευθε τιθήμεναι ὅστε’ Ἀχιλλεῦ,
ἀλλ’ ὁμοὶ ως ἐτράφημεν ἐν ὑμετέρους δόμους,
ἐντε με τυθὸν ἐόντα Μενοίτιος ἐξ Ὀπόεντος
ἡγαγεν ὑμετέρονδ’ ἀνδροκτασίης ὑπὸ λυγρῆς,
ἡματι τῷ ὅτε παῖδα κατέκταν Άμφιδάμαντος
νήπιος οὐκ ἐθέλων ἀμφ’ ἀστραγάλοις χολοθείς·
ἐνθά με δεξάμενος ἐν δῶμασιν ἰππότα Πηλεὺς.
Bury me as quickly as possible so that I may pass through the gates of Hades. The souls, shades of dead men, keep far away from me and do not allow me yet to mingle with them across the river, but in vain I wander about the well-gated house of Hades. Give me your hand. I grieve, for never again will I return from Hades, once you have given me my due in fire. For when I was alive, we sat apart from our dear comrades and made our plans, but hateful fate has consumed me, the death that was my fate already at my birth. Even for you yourself, Achilles, like to the gods, it is destined that you will die beneath the walls of wealthy Troy. But I will ask and enjoin for one more thing, in case you may obey: do not place my bones apart from yours, Achilles, but together, even as we were raised in your house, since when I was small Menoitius brought me from Opoeis to your land, due to my baneful act of manslaughter on that day when I killed the child of Amphidamus, stupidly, not meaning to, angered by a game of dice. Then the horseman Peleus, taking me into his home,
ἔτραφέ τ’ ἐνδυκέως καὶ σὸν θεράποντ’ ὅνόμηνεν· ὃς δὲ καὶ ὁστεὰ νῶϊν ὅμη σορὸς ἀμφικαλύπτοι χρύσεος ἀμφιφορεύς, τὸν τοι πόρε πότνια μήτηρ.
Τὸν δ’ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὁκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς· τίπτε μοι ἥθείη κεφαλῆ δεῦρ’ εἰλήλουθας καὶ μοι ταῦτα ἐκαστ’ ἐπιπέλλεαι; αὐτάρ ἐγὼ τοι πάντα μάλ’ ἐκτελέω καὶ πείσομαι ὡς σὺ κελεύεις. ἀλλὰ μοι ἄσσον στήθι· μίνυνθά περ ἀμφιβαλόντε ἀλλήλους ὀλοοἱο τεταρπώμεσθα γόσιο.
"Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ὁμέξατο χερσὶ φίλησιν οὐδ’ ἔλαβε· ψυχή δὲ κατὰ χθονὸς ἦτε καπνὸς ὥχετο τετριγυῖα· ταφὼν δ’ ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχιλλεὺς χερσὶ τε συμπλατάγησεν, ἔπος δ’ ὀλοφυδνὸν ἔειπεν· ὥ πόποι ἢ ρά τίς ἐστι καὶ εἰν Ἀϊδαο δόμοις ψυχή καὶ εἴδωλον, ἀτὰρ φρένες οὐκ ἐνι πάμπαν· παννυχή γάρ μοι Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο ψυχή ἐφεστήκει γοόωσά τε μυρομένη τε, καὶ μοι ἐκαστ’ ἐπέτελλεν, ἔϊκτο δὲ θέσκελον αὐτῷ.
raised me with care and named me your attendant. So too let the same vessel surround the bones of us two, a golden amphora, the one that your majestic mother gave you.”

And answering him, swift-footed Achilles said, “Why, my trusty friend, have you come here to enjoin these things of me? But indeed I will do all of this for you and obey as you command. But come to me now! For just a little while, let us hold one another and take comfort in our dreadful grief.”

So he spoke and stretched out his own hands, but could not grasp him. The soul like smoke vanished beneath the earth with a shriek. Astonished, Achilles awoke, striking at the air with his hands, and he spoke this word of lament:

“Oh horror, that even in the house of Hades there exists some sort of soul and phantom, but there is no mind within it at all. For all night long, the soul of wretched Patroclus stood by me, wailing and lamenting, and he enjoined me to do each thing, and he seemed wondrously like him.”
Οἱ δ᾽ ὅτε χῶρον ἵκανον ὅθι σφισὶ πέφραδ᾽ Ἀχιλλεὺς κάθεσαν, αἶψα δὲ ὦι μενοεικέα νήεον ὑλῆν.
ἐνθ᾽ αὖτ᾽ ἀλλ᾽ ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς· στὰς ἀπάνευθε πυρῆς ἕκασθιν ἀπεκείρατο χαίτην, τὴν ῥα Σπερχεῖῳ ποταμῷ τρέφε τηλεθώσαν· ὁχθῆσας δ᾽ ἀρα ἐὗρον ἑκατόμβην σοὶ τε κόμην κεῖσάν τε κέρεειν φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν

ὡς ἠρᾶθ᾽ ὃ γέρων, σὺ δὲ οἱ νόον οὐκ ἐτέλεσσας. νῦν δ᾽ ἐπεὶ οὐ νέομαι γε φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν

Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐν χερσὶ κόμην ἑτάροιο φίλοι θῆκεν, τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ύφ᾽ ἕμερον ὃς γάρ σοι.
When they came far enough to the place that Achilles had settled on, they set down his body and immediately heaped up a plentiful pile of wood. But then swift-footed, brilliant Achilles decided on something else again, and, standing apart from the pyre, cut off a lock of his fair hair, which he had kept flourishing for the river Sperchius. But now, saddened, he spoke, looking toward the wine-dark sea: “Sperchius, in vain did my father Peleus pray to you that if I were to return to there, my beloved fatherland, he could cut my hair for you and perform a holy hecatomb, and on the same spot sacrifice fifty male sheep at your waters, where there is a sacred precinct and fragment altar for you. So did the old man pray, but you did not fulfill his intent. So now since I will not return to my beloved fatherland, I would rather give this hair to the hero Patroclus to have.” Speaking thus, he placed the hair into the hands of his beloved friend, and stirred up the desire for lament in everyone.
23.217–25

παννύχιοι δ’ ἁρα τοῖ γε πυρῆς ἁμυδίς φλόγ’ ἐβαλλον
φυσώντες λιγέως· ὦ δὲ πάννυχος ὡκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς
χρυσέου ἐκ κρητήρος ἐλὼν δέπας ἁμφικύπελλον
οίνον ἀφυσόμενος χαμάδις χέε, δεῦε δὲ γαῖαν
ψυχήν κικλήσκων Πατροκλῆς δειλοίο.

ως δὲ πατήρ οὖ παιδὸς ὀδύρεται ὀστέα καίων
νυμφίου, ὡς τε θανῶν δειλοὺς ἀκάχησε τοκήας,
ὡς Ἀχιλλεὺς ἑτάροιο ὀδύρετο ὀστέα καίων,
ἐρπύζων παρὰ πυρκαϊῆν ἀδίνα στεναχίζων.

24.1–12

Λύτο δ’ ἀγών, λαοὶ δὲ θοὰς ἐπί νῆας ἐκαστοι
ἔσκιδναν ἰέναι. τοὶ μὲν δόρποι μέδοντο

"continued..."